GUNN • BLANCH • WALLIS • LENTZ

GOD-BOY

PRODIGAL SON

KiT after FM

SOURCE POINT PRESS

VOL 3 · 03

MATURE

GOOD BOY

PRODIGAL SON

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THE VADICCI ESTATE.

VMMMMMMMM

EVENING, MISS VADICCI.

EVENING, CARL.

SHNK

QUITE A SIGHT TO BEHOLD, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

YES, MA'AM.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

I BELIEVE THE BOYS ALREADY HAD A BIT OF FUN ROUGHING HIM UP.

NOT EVERY DAY YOU GET TO--

WERE THOSE **MY** INSTRUCTIONS?

NO, MA'AM, BUT I--

NO, MA'AM.

WAKE HIM UP.

FWSH

SPLSsh

ARRRGGGHHH

ANNABEL.

HOW ARE THINGS? FAMILY DOING WELL?

HOW'S OLD POLLY DOING?

HELLO, MR. SPARKS.

SO KIND OF YOU TO ASK ABOUT MY FAMILY...

KRAK

HAHAHA HAHAHA HAHAHA HAHA

THAT'S FOR THE NEPHEW YOU TOOK FROM ME.

NOT A LADY PUNCH!

HEHEHE.

OH, I REMEMBER THAT WHINY LITTLE TIT....

KEEP MY FAMILY'S NAME OUT OF YOUR MOUTH.

MY BROTHER WAS A GREAT--

YOUR BROTHER WAS A FUCK.

AND SO ARE YOU.

AND SO IS YOUR WHOLE **FUCKING** FAMILY.

I WAS GONE. IMMUNITY, SIGNED, SEALED, AND DELIVERED BY THE CHANCELLOR HIMSELF.

THE CHANCELLOR DOES NOT--

YEAH, YEAH. THE CHANCELLOR DOESN'T SPEAK FOR EVERY THRONE.

HOW'S THAT MENTALITY WORKING OUT FOR YA, **ANNIE?**

HEARD YOU WERE DRAGGED OUT OF THE COURT. LIKE A FUCKING **ANIMAL.**

SMASH

YOU KNOW, YOU VADICCIS NEVER DID KNOW WHEN TO FOLD.

EVEN WHEN YOU KNOW THEY HAVE A LOSING HAND.

BOP

FUCK YOU.

FUCK YOUR FAMILY.

FUCK YOUR DEAD BROTHER.

FUCK YOUR DEAD NEPHEW.

KICK

THUDD

GET THE COLLAR.

IT'S FUNNY THAT YOU SHOULD COMPARE ME TO AN ANIMAL, WHEN **YOU** ARE THE ONE WHO'S A STRAY.

NO HOME, NO HUMAN, NOTHING.

CHK

YOU HAVE NO DISCIPLINE. NO HONOR. NO INTEGRITY.

YOU'RE A **MONSTER.**

AND YOU DESERVE TO BE **PUT DOWN...**

...BUT SLOWLY.

YOU KNOW--

KZZAK!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FLINT, CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

YOU KNOW WHAT, ANNABEL?

KZZZ

GRRRRR...

EVERYBODY KEEPS TELLING ME THAT THEY KNEW I'D BE BACK.

=HNGH= YOU KNOW WHAT?

KZZZZTTTKZZZZTTTKZZZZTTTKZZZZTTTKZZZZTTTT

I NEVER WANTED TO COME BACK.

YOU MOTHER...

FUCKERS...

MADE ME!

SO, YEAH! I'M THINKIN' I'M BACK!

CHK

MAX

GRRRAAAAAAAHH!

KZZZKTTZZAKTTKZZZZZZZZ

SPLT

WHIZZZ

JACKPOT.

KA-CHING

THEY'RE HERE! EVERYONE ON ME!

TIK

FOZ, YOU'RE UP.

ROGER THAT. NOOB TUBE DELIVERY INBOUND.

THUMP

BOOM

BLAM BLAM

POP POP

GO TO PLAN B!

SLAM

CHAK

BRZZT

DAMMIT, THAT HURT.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

SORRY WE'RE LATE.

IT'S ALL GOOD, BABY.

NOW, LET'S **KILL** THESE FUCKERS.

IT'S WHAT I'M BRED FOR...

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

NOD

NOD TOO

WHO'S THE KID?

BLAM BLAM

?!

THIS **KID** IS THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR SAVING YOUR **OLD ASS!**

SPLORT

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

PLOP

GUSH

SPURT

GUSH

SLOP

NICE SHIRT.

I USED TO HAVE ONE LIKE IT. THEN I REALIZED I DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT.

THIS IS MY LUCKY SHIRT. MY MOM GAVE IT TO ME.

OH. A MAMA'S BOY...THAT'S CUTE.

!

PUSH

BOOM

HEROIC LANDING

NICE MOVES, KID. LEARN THAT FROM YOUR DAD?

NOPE. MY MOM.

MY DAD WASN'T AROUND MUCH.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

SOUNDS LIKE AN ASSHOLE.

BLAM

OH, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.

MOM SEEMS COOL, THOUGH.

NOBODY COOLER IN THE ENTIRE WORLD. YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE HER.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

ANYBODY SEE WHERE ANNABEL WENT?

SNATCH

IN THERE...

AHHHH!

BLOP

BANG

IT'S PRETTY SOLID.

FOZZ?

I'LL GRAB IT...GET AWAY FROM THE DOOR.

HEH. THE NOOB ASKING FOR THE NOOB TUBE. PRETTY FUNNY.

MAN, THE RUMORS REALLY ARE TRUE. YOU'RE KIND OF A PRICK.

HA! KINDA LIKE YOUR DAD, HUH?!

"DON'T DO IT" HEAD SHAKE

CAN YOU TWO SHUT THE **FUCK** UP?! WE GOT STUFF TO BLOW UP.

COVER YOUR EARS!

BOOM

DAMMIT! THAT SNEAKY BITCH FOUND A WAY OUT OF HERE.

C'MON. WE CAN CATCH 'EM!

TINK

GRAB.

FUCK!!!

BOOM

AIN'T CATCHIN' THEM ANYMORE.

FUUUUCCCKKK THIS BITCH!

WE GOTTA GET BACK TO THE FARM. FIND OUT WHERE THEY MOST LIKELY HEADED.

AND SOONER THAN LATER. ODDS ARE MORE OF THESE ASSHOLES ARE HEADING THIS WAY.

BLAM

FLUT

WAIT! N-NO!

I'M SORRY!

SPLUDGE

SPLUDGE

SPLUDGE SPLUDGE SPLUDGE SPLUDGE

HE REALLY LIKES THAT SHIRT.

I'D SUGGEST YOU FELLAS GET SOME SHUT EYE.

I'LL RADIO AHEAD AND HAVE THE DOC READY.

IN THE MEANTIME, HERE'S SOME MEDICINE.

AND GRIZZ, YOU BETTER CALL HER, KID. I DO **NOT** WANT HER WRATH.

CALL MOM.

CALLING MOM.

DOO DOO DOO DOO DOO DOOT

Mom

MOM. MOM. YOU THERE?

MOM?

I'M SORRY. YOUR MOM'S A BIT...

...TIED UP AT THE MOMENT.

AHAHAHA